

# Vintage

## Break Of Reality

Nigga's say they want that beef  
Agoff came in, strapped up  
Lame niggers back up  
Bullets your back up  
Better call for backup  
Act tough  
BZ got my back bruh  
Came in  
Nigga like a navy seal  
Keep it real  
Niggers I'm up in that field  
Like a fucking army man  
Guns came from Pakistan  
We came from Pakistan  
Giving niggers bag hands  
Treat nigga's like bitches  
We all sitting up twenty inches  
And I shit on twenty eight  
Life is great  
And it may  
Eat the cake  
Nigger I  
Take you niggers any day  
Never gave a fuck  
Cause my cake up  
Wake up  
Bake up  
Nigger I ain't  
With that fucking hating stuff  
Fuck that  
Positive  
But I'm a lip  
Twenty's whip  
Got my money on my mind  
I'm out of here  
So fly  
Need some fucking land to give  
Understand  
Agoff Is the fucking man in here

Never gave a fuck about the next man  
Nigger I'm the best man  
Agoff I'm the hit man  
Leaning on that  
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage  
See I  
Got a sign A  
Get my money all day  
Whip my nigger TAZ  
Ain't no motherfucking freak  
Rhymes for two time felon  
That's may selling  
Weed on the street  
Still hustle just to eat  
Fuck with me you defeat  
Never see me on the floor  
I get hit some niggers get murdered  
Get some murder more  
It's that real shit  
Killer shit  
Catch you up I'm real as shit  
Pull you fucking eyes  
Out your face  
You be feeling shit  
I don't give a fuck  
Smoke some drone  
Passed that row  
Bitches want to fuck some more  
She off that blow  
She's a hoe  
She going to suck me at the party  
With the  
T some records in the club  
And we not up here to fight  
Just fuck a bitch  
Swag out  
Niggers out here mad about  
Us balling out you just a fag out, a fag out  
Pull you flag out  
Bet it's pink  
Have a drink  
Bitch ass nigger  
Can't get bitches  
Cause his fucking breath stink  
He's on where these hoes at

Nigger where the drones at  
You ain't fresh bitch  
Where your fly fresh clothes at?  
You, looking broke rat  
Looking like a broke bitch  
We going to smoke some weed nigger  
We don't roll up rich  
Brand new  
Feeling shit  
Brand new  
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage  
Brand new  
Killer tick  
Brand new  
Illicit  
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, new vintage  
Hoe that new vintage  
New vintage hoe  
Brand new  
Ocean gang  
Millionaire  
Ben D  
Fen D  
Gucci  
Bitches want to fuck me  
Suck me  
Screw me  
Cocaine on my card  
Yeah she going to sniff it up  
Suck on his dick girl  
Yeah going to get it up  
Squirt you  
Work you  
But I never hurt you  
Yeah it's a clipping blood  
Blood, cuts and raw moves  
Yeah young Jesus  
Niggers know where's ether  
Add that X on the front  
Bitch it's Tisa  
Yeah slide you Visa  
Yeah I'm like ether  
Yeah I'm in the clouds yeah uh  
But you see the cloud and the foreman  
Sun of George Foreman

Good a grill good a meal  
Yeah we be swarming  
Yeah I'm that guy too  
Yeah call me Tele View  
Till your bitch went  
She come in  
To my view  
Yeah it's the teeth that click  
SODMG bitch  
Meet Soulja Boy  
We be getting to know  
Soulja, Soulja, Tisa, tat aI'm his beat  
I'm a slap her  
Yeah, I do this shit  
Tisa Gang  
Ocean Gang  
What the fuck you want to do?  
Bitch sniffing that cocaine  
Yeah goddamn I swag got a space  
Man you're a fucking disgrace  
Came in first place  
Young Dre MCM briefcase  
I got hit  
Money in my pocketGold in my wallet  
Treat you like a stocking  
Hang you on that fucking wall  
Death is what pick up a drone  
So I won't pick up her calls  
Every day I fucking ball  
And I'm knocking pictures  
Of your fucking wall  
Young Soulja Boy  
Met my swag  
It's fantastic  
Fuck your body  
Dump your body  
Of in Lake  
I'm live boy  
It's nothing  
I'm riding on a lama  
All day stitching clear with the drum bro  
They don't want their drama  
Main they ride around with tats on them  
Tisa Gang, Ocean Gang  
We'll swarm them

I don't want to harm them  
But I knock his head of his shoulder bro  
Nigger catch an uppercut  
Nigger catch a peak shot  
Riding around my hood  
Yeah you think it's the east coast  
Fucking with the west coast  
Hit his man girl with the best throw  
Goddamn this Tisa gang splashing  
Ocean Gang  
Came out the water ready for the action  
Nigger talk that shit  
I'm still going to get it in  
This is like a homicide  
I'm about my dividends  
Twenty two twelve  
We ain't taking shit  
Bro we taking it  
Everywhere we hit the block  
All that fucking cash we spent  
Bitch is staring  
Ocean Gang, Tisa Gang  
All up in Paris  
Goddamn don't give me that  
Bitch I'm Karl Lager Field  
Swaging with that fifty clip  
Talking on that fucking ship  
Punch you in your fucking lip  
Oh god  
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>